

A New Leaf in Spanish History.

A feud has broken out between the followers of the Prophet and those of the cross. The crescent, which for centuries waved proudly over nearly the entire peninsula of Spain, and for many years bid defiance, even when circumscribed within the narrow limits of Grenada, to the combined attacks of Aragon and Castile, was finally at the capitulation of Grenada driven into Africa. The same breeze that unfurled the banner of the cross from the castellated turrets of the Alhambra, wafted across the Straits of Gibraltar the sails that bore forever the exiled Moors from the luxuriant country of Andalucia, back to the arid deserts of Arabia, the traditional birth place of their race and religion. Gradually had the Moors given way before the successive encroachments of the Christian.

These boundaries had step by step receded from the Druze and the Elbro after bloody conflicts the Tagus and the Guadiana were relinquished, until that portion of Spain lying south of the Sierra Morena was all that remained to remind of the glorious epoch of Saracen invasion. The desiles of these rugged mountains arrested for a time the tide of Spanish conquest, and served as a shield and barrier against the marauding excursions of their enemies. Here in the eleventh century the Moors acquired their highest attainments in the arts and sciences, and the refinements and elegancies of life. At this period literature revived, and the growth of chivalry and knighthood challenged civilized Europe. The beautiful ruins of Cordova testify to the high degree of architectural taste attained by the Moors at this era, and the old mosque still standing, though combining various styles of wild and grotesque fancies of structure, is a grand and characteristic monument of the times. But Cordova could not long resist the determined hostility and the steady incursions made into her territory by her aggressive and more enterprising northern neighbors; and at length, when the annual tribute demanded of the Moorish King by the sovereigns of Spain, his reply that the mints of Grenada no longer coined gold, but steel, began a series of warfare, sieges and disasters that ended in the downfall of Grenada, soon followed by the entire extirpation of Moorish authority in the Spanish peninsula.

Now the old hostile feeling which has slept or rather smothered for centuries, seems again to be bursting forth with all its ancient deadly animosity. The Moors have never relinquished the hope and expectation of regaining what they consider their rightful inheritance in Spain. The silver lamp still burns in the temple at Mecca, and ever since the last crescent was hurled with sacrificial hands from the crowning parapet of Alhambra, on certain Fridays of each year prayers have gone up to Allah for a restoration to their ancestral homes in the great valleys of Grenada. They still cherish the hope of seeing the sacred emblem of their faith once more glistening amid the reliques of former greatness.

Recent intelligence from Europe brings the report of the death of the King of Morocco on the Island of Ceuta, ferment has broken out into open revolt against Spanish rule, and 7,000 Moors are fighting day and night, with fanatical fury, the Spaniards, their old enemies. The Spanish Consul has been called home from Tangier, indemnity demanded of Morocco for outrages committed on Spanish subjects, and an expedition is already fitting out in Spain to succor their countrymen and chastise the cupidity of the hated infidel.

A DESERVED REBUKE.—Old Prof. S. was one of the instructors at Dartmouth College years ago, and was without as blunt and straight forward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a little cracked by intimates. One day in the early summer he was taking his usual stroll around the village, keeping his "eyo out" for any "fast" student who might be off duty, when he chanced to meet Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the dusty street bare-footed and coatless; but he was a fine representative of nature's noblemen."

"Hello! Mr. Page," growled the professor "I should like to know if all the people in East Hanover go bare-foot?"

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business?" was the rather setting reply.

A DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—On the opening of the Dartmouth and Torbay Railway recently, the navies and other persons employed in constructing the line were entertained at a dinner, the principal feature being a "Devonshire Dumpling," of unusual magnitude. It was in the form of a cone, about eight feet in diameter at the base, and thirteen feet in perpendicular height. It weighed 2,100 lbs., and its ingredients were 573 lbs. flour, 191 lbs. bread, 382 lbs. raisins, 191 currants, 382 lbs. suet, 95 lbs. sugar, 320 lemons, 141 nutmegs, and 369 lbs. of milk. It was baked in sections, and then built up on a wagon, the fabric being kept together by hoops and other mechanical devices.

IMMENSE TUMOR.—The Cleveland Medical Gazette contains an account of the most enormous tumor on record. The weight was about twice that of the sufferer who bore it, and was estimated at 179 pounds. For the last four or five years of the patient's life she was rigorously confined to her bed, being wholly unable to sustain for a moment the sitting posture. During the greater part of the time, however, her appetite and digestion were good, and all her functions were well performed.

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.—When these cricketers went on the field at Montreal each had a carpet bag, containing a bat, pads, gloves &c. They were not in uniform, although they all wore the usual flannel trousers, their flannel shirts being differently or variously spotted. They are almost all small men, say 5 feet 4 or 5 inches; Jackson alone is tall, and he cannot be more than six feet. They are all young men, Grundy, the oldest, having been born in 1824. They are all muscular and all as active as cats. None of them have any supineous flesh.

DISCOVERY.—Our political editor has discovered the City Hall to be nothing but a great Mayor's Nest.—N.Y. Press.

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East Saginaw, Aug. 11, 1859.

V. N.

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